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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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## POETRY.

### HYMN OF NATURE.

BY W. B. O. PEABODY.

God of the earth's extended plains!  
The dark, green fields contented lie;  
The mountains rise like holy towers,  
Where man might commune with the sky;  
The tall cliff challenges the storm,  
That lowers upon the vale below,  
Where shaded fountains send their streams,  
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!  
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,  
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm  
Hath summoned up their thundering bands;  
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,  
Or hurrying, trembling, o'er the seas,  
Till, calm'd by Thee, the sinking gale  
Serenely breathes, and part in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!  
The grandeur of the lonely tree  
That wrestles singly with the gale,  
Lifts up admiring eyes to Thee;  
But more majestic far they stand,  
When, side by side, their ranks they form,  
To wave on high their plumes of green,  
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!  
Where summer breezes swiftly flow,  
Or, gathering in their angry might,  
The fierce and wintry tempests blow;  
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,  
That harkly lifts the drooping flower,  
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,  
Breathe forth the language of Thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!  
How gloriously above us springs  
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,  
Suspended on the rainbow's rings!  
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,  
Each gliding cloud, that wanders free  
In evening's purple radiance, given  
The beauty of its praise to Thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!  
Thy name is written clearly bright  
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,  
Or evening's golden shower of light.  
For every fire that fronts the sun,  
And every spark that walks alone  
Around the utmost verge of Heaven,  
Were kindled at Thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,  
And nature's self to dust return;  
Her crumbling altars must decay;  
Her incense fires shall cease to burn;  
But still her grand and lovely scenes  
Have made man's warmest praises flow;  
For hearts grow holier as they trace  
The beauty of the world below.

## THE STORY TELLER.

[From Noll's Saturday Gazette.]  
LOVE AND LAW.

BY T. S. ANTICIP.

Lloyd Tomlinson was a Virginia gentleman of the old school, and held high notions on the kindred subjects of social rank and family distinctions. His ancestors were connected with English families of some renown, and had figured in history, as Cavaliers, during the troublesome times of Charles I. Portraits of the most noted of these were hung upon the walls in Mr. Tomlinson's fine old mansion, and it was with pride that he often referred to them, and related the story of each. But such stories were generally wound up by an expression of regret for the sad deteriorations that were going on in this country.

"A man like that," he would sometimes say, pointing to the picture of a stern old Cavalier, "is rarely if ever met with, and in a little while, there will be no living representative of such—at least not in America, where all social distinctions are rapidly disappearing. In fact, we have scarcely any thing left, even now, but the shadow of a true aristocracy, and that is only to be found in Virginia. At the north, mere wealth makes a man a gentleman; and this new invention of these degenerate times is fast being adopted even here, in the Old Dominion." But it won't do—unless a man is born and bred a gentleman, he never can become one.

It was no use to argue with the rigid old Virginian, about the aristocracy of virtue, or the aristocracy of mind; he scouted at the idea, and reiterated, with added emphasis, that only he who was born of gentle blood could be a gentleman.

The family of Mr. Tomlinson, which had con-

sisted of his wife, two sons and two daughters, was, at the time our story opens, composed of only two members, himself and his youngest child, Edith, now in her nineteenth year.—Death had taken all but one.

Edith, though born and bred a lady, her father observed with pain, did not set a high value upon the distinction, and at last actually refused to receive the addresses of a young man who came of pure old English blood, and was a thorough gentleman in the eyes of Mr. Tomlinson, because she liked neither his principles, habits, nor general character; while she looked with favor upon the advances of a young attorney named Denton, whose father, a small farmer in Essex county, had nothing higher than honesty and manly independence of which to boast.

The young gentleman of pure blood was named Allison. He was the last representative of an old family, and had come into possession, on attaining his majority, a large landed estate immediately adjoining that owned by Mr. Tomlinson. The refusal of Edith to receive his addresses aroused in him an unhappy spirit, which he cherished until it inspired him with thoughts of retaliation. The means were in his hands.—There existed an old, but not legally adjusted question about the title to a thousand acres of land, lying between the estate of Mr. Tomlinson and Mr. Allison, which had more than fifty years before, been settled by the principal parties thereto on the basis of a fair division, without the delay, vexation, expense and bitterness of a prolonged lawsuit. By this division the father of Mr. Tomlinson retained possession of five hundred acres, and the grandfather of Mr. Allison of the other five hundred. The former had greatly improved the portion into the full possession of which he had come, as it was by far the most beautiful and fertile part of his estate. His old residence was torn down, and a splendid mansion erected on a commanding eminence within the limits of this old disputed land, at a cost of nearly eighty thousand dollars, and the whole of the five hundred acres gradually brought into a high state of cultivation.—To meet the heavy outlay for all this, other and less desirable portions of the estate were sold, until, finally, only about three hundred acres of the original Tomlinson property remained.

Mr. Lloyd Tomlinson, as he advanced in years, and felt the paralyzing effects of the severe afflictions he had suffered, lost much of the energy he had possessed in his younger days.—There was a gradual diminution in the number of his holdings of tobacco, and bushels of corn and wheat that went into Richmond, from his plantation, annually; and there was also a steady decrease in the slave population with which he was immediately surrounded. From a hundred and fifty, his slaves had decreased, until he only owned thirty, and with them did little more than make his yearly expenses. Field after field had been abandoned, and left to a fertile undergrowth of pines or scrubby oaks, until there were few signs of cultivation except within the limits of two or three hundred acres of the rich lands contiguous to his dwelling.

Henry Denton, the young attorney to whom allusion has been made, had become deeply enamored with Edith Tomlinson, who was often met by him in her unostentatious intercourse with several excellent and highly intelligent families in the neighborhood. To see her, was for him to love her. But the pride of her father was too well known by him to leave much room for hope that the issue of his passion would be successful, even if so fortunate as to win the heart of the maiden. He was inspired with courage, however, by the evident favor with which she regarded him, and even tempted to address her in language that no woman's ear could mistake for the language of love. Edith listened with a heart full of hope and fear. She had great respect for the character of Denton, which she saw was based upon virtuous principles, and this respect easily changed into love; that was true and fervent. But she knew too well her father's deeply rooted prejudices in favor of rank and family, to hope that the current of her love would run smooth. This proved to be no idle fear. When Henry Denton ventured to approach Mr. Tomlinson on the subject of his love for Edith, the old gentleman received him with great discourtesy.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked, drawing himself proudly up.

"I hardly think you need ask that question," the young man replied. "I am not an entire stranger to you, nor unknown in your neighborhood."

"But who are you, sir? That is what I ask to know. Who is your father?"

"An honest man, sir." The young man spoke with firmness and dignity.

"Humph! There are plenty of them about— I could marry my daughter to an honest man any day I liked. Old Cato, my coachman, is an honest man. But that is no reason why I should let his son Sam marry Edith. No my young friend, you cannot connect yourself with my family; be content with the daughter of some honest man like your father."

But the lover was not to be driven off by even such a rude repulse. He tried to argue his case, but Mr. Tomlinson cut the matter short by starting from his seat in great discomposure of mind, and pointing with a trembling hand to a grim picture on the wall, while he thus addressed the young man—

"That, sir, is the portrait of Sir Edgar Tomlinson, who, by interposing his body between the spear of a Roundhead and his royal master, saved his life at the imminent risk of his own, for which gallant deed he was knighted, and afterwards presented, by royal hands, with a noble bride. When you have done as great a deed, young man, you will be worthy to claim the hand of my daughter, not before!"

Saying this, the excited father turned away and strode from the room, leaving Denton in dismay at the quick and hopeless termination of his conference.

On the next day, the young attorney, who was known to possess fine talents, acuteness, and extensive legal knowledge was waited upon by Mr. Allison.

"I wish your services, Mr. Denton," he said, "in a suit of great importance that I am about commencing. Here is your retaining fee,—and he laid upon the table of the lawyer a check for two hundred dollars. 'If you gain me my cause your entire fee will be five thousand dollars.'"

Allison then went on to state, that Mr. Tomlinson's claim to the five hundred acres next adjoining his (Allison's) plantation, and upon which his mansion stood, was a very doubtful one. That it, in fact, belonged to the Allison estate, and he was going to have the question of rightful ownership fully tested. He furnished the young attorney with documents, data, and everything required for commencing the suit.—Denton asked a week for an examination of the whole matter. At the end of this time, Allison again waited on him.

"Well, sir! what do you think of my case?" he said.

"I think it a doubtful one," was replied. "Still, it is possible you might gain it, as there are one or two strong points in your favor."

"I have not the least doubt of it. At any rate, I am going to give the matter a fair trial. Five hundred acres of such land is worth an effort to gain."

"But you must not forget, that, as you will open the question of ownership on the whole tract of one thousand acres, you run the risk of losing the half of which you are now in possession."

"I'm willing to run the risk of losing five hundred acres of unencultivated land, in the effort to acquire possession of as large a quantity, in a high state of improvement," returned the uncompromising gentleman, "born and bred—"

"So you will, forthwith, make a beginning in the matter?"

The young attorney was grave and silent for some time. Then opening a drawer, he took out the check which had been given to him as a retaining fee, and handing it to Allison, said—

"I believe, sir, I must decline this case."

"Why so?" quickly asked the young man, a deep flush passing over his brow.

"I do it from principle," was replied. "I find, on examining the whole matter, that your grandfather, and the father of Mr. Tomlinson, while in possession of their respective estates, in view of the difficulty there was in settling the precise title of the tract of land, agreed to an equal division of it, which was done in honor and good faith, and I do not think their heirs, on either side, have any right to disturb the arrangement then made."

"I did not ask you to judge the case, but to present it for judgment, said Allison, greatly offended. 'You may perhaps be sorry for this.'"

Another member of the bar, less scrupulous about the principles involved in a case, readily undertook the matter; and as the fee, if he proved successful was to be a large one, opened it immediately.

When Mr. Tomlinson received notice of the fact that this long settled dispute was again to be revived, he was thrown into a fever of alarm and indignation. The best counsel that could be employed was obtained, and his rights to the whole thousand acres vigorously maintained.—After a year of delay, occasioned by demurrers, allegations, and all sorts of legal hindrance, made and provided for the vacation of clients, the question came fairly before the court, where it was most ably argued on both sides, for some days. When the decision at length came, it was adverse to Mr. Tomlinson.

An appeal was entered upon, and preparations made for a more vigorous contest in a higher court. Here the matter remained for over a year, when the decision of the first tribunal was confirmed.

Two years of litigation had made sad work with old Mr. Tomlinson. He looked at least ten years older. The same signs of decay appeared in every thing around him. His fields remained uncultivated, the fences were broken down, and cattle strayed where once were acres of grain, or other rich products. Slaves and stock had been sold to meet the heavy expenses to which this suit had subjected him, and every thing seemed fast tending towards ruin. Once or twice during the period Denton again approached him on the subject of Edith, but the proud old aristocrat threw him off even more impatiently than at first.

Edith, too, had changed during this time of trouble. She was rarely seen abroad, and received but few visitors at home. No one saw her smile, unless when her father was present; and then her manner was cheerful, though subdued. It was clear that she was struggling against her own feelings, in the effort to sustain

his. Her father had extorted from her a promise never to marry without his consent; this settled the matter for the time, between her and Denton, although both remained faithful to each other. They had not met for over a year.

"Meantime the cause was carried up still higher, where it remained for two years longer, and then another adverse decision was made. Mr. Tomlinson was in despair. What with court charges, counsel fees, and loss from the diminished productions of his farm, he had sunk in the last four years over fifteen thousand dollars, a portion of which had been raised by mortgage on that part of his estate to which he had an undisputed title, almost equal to the full value of the land.

To the Supreme Court the matter came at last. But the old man had but little hope. In three courts, after a long and patient hearing, the decision had been against him. If it should again be adverse, he would be totally ruined.—As it was, so greatly had his means become reduced, that it was with difficulty he could raise sufficient money to pay off the heavy expenses of the last court. The fees of his two attorneys were yet unsettled, and he feared, greatly, that he should not be able to induce more than one of them to attend at the Supreme Court. On the other side, money was expended freely, and the most energetic counsel that money could command, enlisted. The fact was, the principal reason why, Mr. Tomlinson had failed in each of the three trials that had taken place, lay in the superior tact, activity, and ability of the adverse counsel.

The anxiously looked for period at length came, and Mr. Tomlinson made preparations for leaving home, to meet the final issue, after nearly five years of most cruel litigation.

"Dear father!" said Edith, as they were about to separate. She spoke with forced calmness, while a faint smile of encouragement played about her lips. Her voice was low and tender. "Dear father! Do not let this matter press too heavily upon you. I have a hope that all will come out right. I do not know why, but I feel as if this dreadful blow will not be permitted to fall. Be calm, be brave, dear father!—Even the worst can be borne."

The maiden's voice began to quiver, even while she uttered hopeful words. Mr. Tomlinson, whose own heart was full, bent down and kissed her hurriedly. When she looked up he was gone. How fast the tears flowed, as she stood alone on the spot where they had just parted.

A few hours after the father had left, a gentleman called and asked to see Edith. On entering the room where he had been shown by the servant, she found a young man whose countenance she had never seen before. He made known his business after a few embarrassing preliminaries, which proved to be an overture of peace from Allison, if she would except the offer of marriage he had made her five years previously. After hearing the young man patiently through Edith replied in a firm voice.

"Told Mr. Allison that there is no evil in this world or the next that I would consider greater than a marriage with him."

He attempted to urge some considerations upon her, but she raised her hand and said in a tone of decision—

"You have my answer, sir! Take it to your principal."

The young man bowed, and withdrew in silence. He felt amazed beneath the steady eye, calm face and resolute voice of the maiden, crushed almost to the earth as she was.

When Mr. Tomlinson arrived at the capital he found neither of his counsel there, although the case was expected to be reached on the succeeding day. On the next morning he received a note from one of them which stated that illness would prevent his attending. The other attorney was prepared to go on with the case, but he was by far the weakest of the two.

On the opposite side there was the strongest possible array, both as to number and talents.—Mr. Tomlinson felt that his case was hopeless.—On the first day the prosecution argued their case with great ability. On the second day the claims of Mr. Tomlinson were presented, with even less point and tact than before. It was clear that the advocate either considered the case a bad one, or had lost all interest in it.—The other side followed with increased confidence, and it was plain, made a strong impression upon the Court. A feeble rejoinder was given to this, but it produced little or no effect.

Just at this crisis, an individual, not before particularly noticed by Mr. Tomlinson, arose and addressed the Court. His opening remarks showed him to be familiar with the whole subject, and his tone and manner exhibited a marked degree of confidence. It was soon apparent which side of the case he had taken; if by nothing else, by the frown that settled upon the brow of Allison. He was a young man, tall and well made, with a strong clear voice, and a fine command of language. The position in which he stood resembled so much of his face from Mr. Tomlinson, that the latter could not make out whether it was one with which he was familiar or not. The voice he had heard before.

The volunteer advocate, after having occupied the court for an hour, during which time he had shown in most minute and accurate knowledge of the matter in dispute, gave the whole

question a new aspect. During the second hour that his argument was continued, in which precedent after precedent, not before introduced, were brought forward, bearing a direct application to the case under review, the Court exhibited the most marked attention. When he concluded, all present saw hope for the old Virginian.

This new and unexpected champion in the cause, aroused the counsel of Allison to another and more determined effort; but he tore their arguments into ribbons, and set off their authorities with an overwhelming array of decisions directly in the teeth of those they introduced bearing upon their side of the question. It was wonderful to observe his perfect familiarity with the whole matter in dispute, the law bearing upon it, and the decisions of courts in this country and England, that could in any way throw light upon it, far outstripping the learned advocate on both sides, who had been at work upon the case for five years.

During the time this brilliant champion was fighting his battle for him in the last defenceable position he could ever obtain, Mr. Tomlinson remained as if fixed to the spot where he was sitting, yet with his mind entirely active.—He saw, he felt that there was hope for him.—That this Heaven-sent advocate, whoever he was, would save him from ruin. At last the case closed, and the Court announced that its decision would be given in the morning.

"Who is he?" Mr. Tomlinson heard some one ask of his persecutor, as the young man closed his most brilliant effort.

With an imprecation uttered between his teeth, he replied—

"One that refused to take my side, although I offered him a fee of five thousand dollars if successful!"

"What is his name?"

"Denton."

"Pity you could not have secured him!"

Mr. Tomlinson heard no more. He turned his eyes upon the young man he had three times rudely repulsed, but he could not see his face. He was bending over and arranging some papers. The announcement of the Court, in regard to the time when a decision was to be made drew his attention from him. When he again sought the young attorney he was gone.

Nearly a week of most distressing suspense was suffered by Edith. Every day she heard from her father, but all was doubt and despondency, until there came a letter announcing the sudden appearance of a volunteer advocate, who had changed the whole aspect of affairs, and created the most lively hopes of success. Who he was the letter did not say.

During the morning that succeeded the one on which this letter was received, Edith wandered about the house like a restless spirit. The decision had been made on the day previous; and in a few hours her father would be home. What intelligence would he bring? Whenever she asked herself that question, he heart trembled. Twenty times had she been to the highest windows in the house, to look far away where the road wound down a distant hill, to see if the carriage were coming, although she knew two hours must elapse before her father could possibly arrive.

At last the long and anxiously looked for object came in sight, winding along the road far in the distance. Soon it passed from view, and she waited, breathlessly until it should appear at a nearer point. Again it met her eyes, and again disappeared. At last it reached the long avenue of poplars that lined the carriage way leading up to the house. The horses were coming at a rapid speed. Edith could not breathe in the rooms—the atmosphere was oppressive.—She went into the porch, and leaning against or rather, clinging to one of the pillars, stood almost gasping for breath. The suspense she suffered was awful. But certainly soon came.—The carriage whirled rapidly into its position before the door, and Mr. Tomlinson sprang from it, as agile as a boy. He had merely time to say—

"All is safe!" when Edith sunk into his arms unable longer to stand.

"And here is our noble champion," he added, as another stood by his side.

Edith opened her eyes, that she had closed in the excess of joy. The face of her lover was near her. She looked up at him for a moment, and then closed them again. But now the tears came stealing through her shut lids.

The young lawyer had gained two suits in one. Three months afterwards, Edith was his bride, and the dowry was the five hundred acres of land from the estate of Allison, awarded to her father by the Supreme Court.

"I do not wish to say any thing against the individual in question," said a very polite gentleman, "but I would merely remark, in the language of the poet, that to him, 'truth is strange, stranger than fiction.'"

"My dear, come in and to bed, list," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair, in a decidedly "how come you go" state. "You must be dreadful tired, shure, with your long walk of six miles." "Arrah! get away with your nonsense," said Pat, "it wasn't the length of the way at all, that fatigued me—'twas the breadth of it!"

THE GREAT CRATER IN THE MOON. Modern improvements in the telescope seem to have given a new impulse and interest every where to astronomical research. We have a remarkable description of one of those vast caverns or craters in the moon, from fifty to sixty miles in diameter to which the telescope of Lord Rosse has introduced the inhabitants on earth. To this crater the name of Tycho has been given, and the following highly graphic, though somewhat indistinct account of it has been taken from Dr. Nicols' "Contemplations on the Solar system."

"Wandering through a district perhaps the most chaotic in the moon, where ranges, peaks, round mountains with flat tops, are intermingled in apparently inextricable confusion; where there is no plain larger than a common field, and that rent by fissures and strewn with blocks that have fallen from the overhanging precipices we descry in the horizon what seems an immense ridge stretching farther than the eye can carry us, and reflecting the sun's rays with dazzling lustre. On approaching this wall, through a country full of toilsome, it appears not so steep but to have an outward sloping, which, however rough, is yet practicable to the strong of hand & firm in knee. Ascend, then, oh traveller! Averting your eyes from the burning sun, and having gained the summit, examine the landscape beyond. Landscape? It is a type for the most horrible dream—a thing to be thought of only with a shudder. We are on the top of a circular precipice, which seems to have enclosed a space fifty five miles in diameter from all the living world for ever and ever. Below, where the wall casts its shadow, it is black as Orcus; no eye can penetrate its utter gloom, but where daylight has touched the base of the chasm its character is disclosed.

Gidly it must be to stand on the summit of Mount Blanc, or the Junfrau, or Teneriff; but suppose Jacques Balmat, when he set the first foot on the loftiest Alpine peak, had found on the other side, not the natural mountain he ascended, but one unbroken precipice thirteen thousand feet deep, below which a few ferns disturbed the uniformity, and at some ten miles distance from its base, a chasm deeper, from where he looked, by two thousand feet than Mount Blanc is elevated above the level of the sea—would even the stout Swiss have brought home his senses? or rather would he have returned at all, and not lain there to this hour fascinated, as by ten thousand rattlesnakes?—But on onwards and to the bottom of this mysterious place! No foot of man can take us there, so that we must borrow a wing from the condor. Off, then—down, down, and arrive! It is, indeed, a terrible place! There are mountains in it, especially a central one, 4,000 feet high, and and five or six concentric ridges of nearly the same height, encircling the chasm, but the eye can rest on nothing except that impassable wall without breach, only with a few pinnacles on its top, towering 17,000 feet aloft on every side, at the short distance of 27 miles, and baffling our escape into the larger world. Nothing here but the scorching sun and burning sky; no rain ever refreshes it; no cloud ever shelters it; only benign night, with its stars, and the mild face of the earth. But we tarry no longer; so off again, and rest for a moment on the top of that highest pinnacle. Look around, now, and away from Tycho. What a scene! Those round hills with flat tops are craters and the whole visible surface is studded with them, all of less diameter than Tycho, but probably as deep. Look yet farther. What are those dazzling beams, like liquid silver, passing in countless multitudes away from us along the whole surface of the moon? Favorites they are of the sun; for he illumines them more than all else besides, and assimilates them to his own burning glory. And see! they go on every side from Tycho. In his very center, over spreading the very chasm we have left, there is now that the sun has farther ascended, a plain of brilliant light; and outside the wall, at this place at least, a large space of similar splendor, from which these rays depart. What they are we know not; but they spread over at least one third of the moon's whole surface. And so this chasm, which, in first rashness, we termed a hideous dream, is bound indissolubly to that orb, on which, when the heart is pained, one longs to look and be consoled, and through her to the beneficent universe, even by those silver though mystic chords."

## SOLEMN THOUGHT—LITTLE MINISTERS.

It does not follow that because a minister is small in stature he is small in mind; yet, nevertheless, a minister labors under some disadvantages. One of this small kind lately had a call to settle over a parish not a hundred miles from this city, and would have accepted the call had it not been for the strenuous opposition of one of the deacons, who could not consent to his settlement on account of his small stature. An Episcopal clergyman, of this class was one Sabatini to preach, when the pulpit was so high that he had a sort of temporary stool, propped up with bricks, which he mounted and commenced announcing his text, which was from John 15, 17—and got as far as "A little while and ye shall not see me," when down went the stool and the minister disappeared.

Adam is the mother of love, but the daughter is often older than the mother.



# THE CAPTURE OF WASHINGTON.

Westport, Conn. April 26th, 1847.

I enclose the narrative which you requested me to furnish relating to the saving of the Portrait of Washington, on the memorable 24th of August, 1814. It is written, you will perceive, by Jacob Barker, Esq., and presents a full and interesting detail of some of the events of that day.

The patriotism of Mr. Barker, who was a warm supporter of the war of '14 was exhibited in his zealous efforts to sustain the finances of the government and to meet a large loan he had effected, for it was the occasion of his visit at that period at Washington.

A fact not generally known, occurred at the time, which proves the nerve which Mr. B. evinced by the proffer then made by him to Mr. Madison, through the Secretary of war. "Give me a corporal's guard," said he, "and I will, with my own hands, blow up the Capitol the moment the enemy enters that building." It was declined by the President, who thought that such vandalism by the British would kindle a flame of indignation throughout the country, and be productive of the happiest results. And so it happened! The spirit of the whole Union was aroused by the confiscation of the Capitol, and increased, with unabated ardor to the close of the war.

After the President left for the field of battle, Mr. Barker returned to his lodgings, and I repaired to the navy yard. It may not be uninteresting to detail what occurred there during my brief visit. I had been but a few minutes in the yard, when an order came directing Commodore Fingay to dispatch the marines and sailors to join the army. The sloop of war, "Argus," was fully equipped and ready for sea, and Capt. Creighton, her commander, desired to remain on board with his crew; and by breasting his vessel off, he expressed his ability to defend the yard against ten thousand men. The English had no artillery, were much fatigued by a long march, and there is no doubt that, had Captain Creighton's advice been taken, he had the means of accomplishing all that he promised.

The Commodore, in reply, observed, "you have your orders, sir, proceed to execute them." The sailors were landed, and with them the marines left the yard. I then proceeded to the city, and on my way to my lodgings stopped at the President's house, where I met Mr. B. and what followed his narrative details.

My chief object in sending you this narrative is with the view of rendering to Mrs. Madison the credit to which she is justly entitled for the suggestion which led to the saving of this portrait; and further, also, to show who assisted in carrying her wishes into effect. The merit which has been claimed by others, virtually belongs to her, and amidst the exciting events of that day the suggestion showed her self possession and patriotic feelings. It is gratifying to me, even at this late hour, but happily before Mrs. Madison is passed away from among us, to place the above facts before the country and to write in common with it in the expression of the respect and attachment entertained for this estimable lady.

I am, with much respect, dear sir, yours, &c.  
ROBT G. L. DEPEYSTER.

NEW ORLEANS, March 27, 1847.  
ROBERT G. L. DEPEYSTER, Esq. Westport, Ct.  
My Dear Sir:—

Your letter of the 14th ult. came to hand in due course.

I cannot account for the mistake of Gen. Jackson as to who saved the portrait of Washington, when the British burnt the Capitol, on the night of August 24th, 1814.

The story which had been told him, viz: that Gen. Mason took it down, and restored it after the President's return, may be partially true, yet he had not any hand in preserving the portrait, and any attempt to filch the merit of that act from Mrs. Madison is a fraud on the inimitable and venerable lady.

The receipt of your letter gave me the first information that such a story had been circulated, or such an imposition practised on Gen. Jackson, who was not at the time at Washington.

You cannot but recollect all the facts of the case.

The British army was advancing on Washington and was expected to cross the bridge over the Potomac. Com. Barney was stationed at the bridge with a detachment of sailors and marines. President Madison held a cabinet council early on the fatal morning, in the neighborhood of that bridge, to deliberate on a position made by George Washington Campbell, Secretary of the Treasury, and William Jones, Secretary of the Navy, to confer on Gen. Armstrong the command of the army, in defence of the city. Three Cabinet Ministers attended the council, as did also Richard Rush, the Attorney General. You and I, with my servant James, repaired to the bridge soon after sunrise. At about 8 o'clock, General Armstrong and Mr. Campbell came from the Council, mounted their horses, and rode off at full gallop, in the direction of Bladensburg. In about half an hour the President and Mr. Rush came out, mounted their horses, and took the same direction. They also appeared in great haste. In the course of two or three hours, on express came to Commodore Barney directing him to repair with his men to Bladensburg, the British having taken that direction. They immediately set off on a dog trot, with two small pieces of Artillery, and met the British army on the road to Washington, a mile and a half in advance of Bladensburg. A battle ensued, with great slaughter, and Commodore Barney would have defeated the whole British force, had the flanks of this his Spartan band been protected.

The day was oppressively hot, and being unable to procure horses or a carriage, we were on foot, and having been out seven or eight hours, and you gone to visit the navy yard, I concluded to return to my lodgings at Mr. Wilson's, in the Seven Buildings, about three miles from the bridge. On the way there, when on the Pennsylvania Avenue, near the President's house, his servant came upon the full run, and said he was from the President with a message to his lady to quit the city immediately; that the British had crossed the bridge at Bladensburg, and were rapidly marching on to the city; that our troops had broken and run, without having made much opposition.

At the same time the servant requested me to go to the President's house, and render the necessary assistance. I immediately repaired there, and you joined me at the white house. On handing Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Cutts, her sister, into the carriage, Mrs. Madison said to me, "Mr. Barker, I wish you, if you cannot save, to destroy the portrait of Gen. Washington, the eagles which ornament the drawing room, and four cases of papers which you will find in the President's private room; the portrait I am very anxious to save, as it is the only original by Stuart; at all events, do not let them fall into the hands of the enemy, as their capture would enable them to make a great flourish."

The carriage with the ladies, accompanied by Mr. Cutts, took the direction of Georgetown; we immediately set about carrying into effect the directions of Mrs. Madison, whose admirable presence of mind, on that trying occasion, was of the most elevated character. It was with the greatest difficulty that we were enabled to procure a single horse and cart, with a driver, and another black boy to assist us.

The cart we loaded with the most valuable articles to be found, and dispatched it on the road taken by Mrs. Madison. About this time, the President came in with some others; he gave us an account of the battle which had been fought, and of the good conduct of Barney and his men. He then took some refreshments and left to join his lady.

Gen. Mason may have been of his party, and he may have assisted in taking down the portrait; but I do not remember having seen him; several persons assisted; the most active was the venerable Mr. Carroll of Duddington.

Mr. Carroll left with the President, and the others all left before the retreating army reached the city, excepting you and myself, with my servant.

Leaving the portrait on the floor of the room in which it had been hanging, we removed the cases of papers to a distant house, concealing them in a cellar. The eagles we also saved.

Of the army of some ten (?) thousand men, which had been dispersed at Bladensburg, about four (?) thousand, including a portion of Barney's men, were rallied, and passed the President's house, the afternoon of the same day, on their retreat; we handed out to them a good supply of the President's old hock wine, which they disposed of to great satisfaction. The poor fellows had been about twelve hours on foot, exposed to a burning sun, without any refreshment.

We took the portrait; you and I held each corner of the light frame on which it was extended, having left the gilt frame on the floor of the room, my servant the third and the hired black boy the other, and fell into the trail of the army, marching with them through Georgetown, and several miles on the road to Montgomery Court House. When we were crossing the bridge, at Georgetown, an Irish woman who was loading a cart with her furniture in great haste, recognized Washington's coat, and dashed down the looking glasses, extended her arms towards heaven, wringing her hands, and exclaimed "My God, if he was only here to save us!"

We were unable from fatigue to continue with the army, and therefore, turned off into the woods with the portrait. We were kindly received there at the residence of a widow lady, who had two sons in the army.

A little before midnight, we were aroused from our slumbers, and went to the hill not more than two miles by an air line from the Capitol, to see the conflagration.

The night was excessively hot, beautifully clear, the stars bright, and the musquitoes abundant, with the keenest appetites, and the scene was one more rarely imagined than described.

On the following morning we arranged with our hostess to retain the portrait, until we, or one of us, should call for it, and departed for the head quarters of the army, which had halted for the night about four miles from Georgetown, and resumed its retreat early next morning.

We found it at Montgomery Court House, and took dinner with Gen. Windecker and staff. Gen. Armstrong was also of the party at dinner. Immediately after dinner, we started on foot for Baltimore, in pursuit of provisions, of which the troops were entirely destitute. The whole material of the army had taken the wrong direction and gone into the woods of Virginia, and there had not been established any depot of provisions on which the army might fall back.

The President reached Bladensburg, about three minutes before the battle commenced, and found Gen. Armstrong there organizing the army for battle. Mr. Campbell was with him. Mr. Monroe, Secretary of State and Gen. Mason were also there. They had been assisting Gen. Windecker in arranging the troops for a fight. The Cabinet Council conferred on Gen. Armstrong the command. Immediately after his fall, the subject was reconsidered, when it was determined, that it was too late to make any beneficial change, and the President hastened to Bladensburg, to recall General Armstrong; and in doing so he said to Mr. Monroe, you also will come away and leave the operation of the army, to the military authorities to whom it properly belongs.

Mr. Monroe did not return to the President's house with the President. General Mason may have done so or sooner, but I think not, as I do not recollect to have seen him there, and he may have assisted in taking the portrait down, but

did not assist in removing it from the room in which it had been hanging, nor in taking it to the President's house to a place of safety. He may have assisted in replacing it after the house was rebuilt.

Six weeks after the burning of Washington, I, accompanied by Miss Dashiell, afterwards Mrs. Stone, from North Carolina, visited the widow at her residence in the woods, with whom we had left the portrait, found it in good condition, reclaimed it, compensated her for her trouble, took it back to Washington, and delivered it to the Secretary of State, who promised to have it varnished, placed in a new frame, and reinstated in the President's house, where, I believe, it still remains. What agency, if any, Gen. Mason may have had in restoring it to its present condition I know not.

Having left the woods on the morning after the conflagration, we seated ourselves on a log near the public road, far from a tavern, where many persons unknown to us, some on horseback, were assembled. Seeing some horses in a field near by, I told a black boy if he would procure two of them to take us to the army, I would give him all the change I had in my pocket, taking it out and saying, "there are seven shillings," that being the currency of New York, our place of residence. A man on horse back heard me say "shillings," eyed us very significantly, spoke to a companion, put spurs to his horse, and rode off at a full gallop.

Soon after this, you, being young, ardent and impatient, left your seat and said, "let us march on." My reply was, "sit down we are prisoners." "How?" you rejoined. I replied, "wait a few minutes and you will see." In about fifteen minutes the horseman returned with a militia officer, enquired our name and whence we came. We gave him the desired information, when the officer disputed the point, saying, "you are Englishmen." You then rose up in great indignation, and told him that what he said was false. I requested you to leave the matter to me, and asked the officer what he would do with us if we were Englishmen. He replied, "send you to the head-quarters of the army to be tried as spies." I then told him that as we had not any means at hand of disproving the charge, he had better do so immediately, whereupon he ordered two of the troopers to dismount and guide us to their horses. They obeyed, and we all set off for the army.

We entered into conversation with the officer and as soon as we had passed over the first hill out of sight of the former, the officer told us we might take our own course and leave the horses at the American camp; I did so: you declined the proffered civility, preferring to have a military escort. On your arrival, the cordial reception you found discomfited your guard. I got in in season to escape a violent tempest and storm of rain, to which I think you was, with your guard, exposed.

It was this small that scattered the burning fragments at the navy yard, some of which fell into a well where a large quantity of powder had been thrown by the Americans before they fired the building.

An unlooked for explosion took place, killing and wounding many British soldiers who were prowling about the premises, and so alarmed the officers left it was a Yankee trick, and they surrounded by mines, spring-guns and man-traps, that at nightfall they lighted their fires to deceive their foe, and, under cover of the night, withdrew to their ships, which were lying at Benedict, on the Patuxent river.

Very sincerely, your assured friend,  
JACOB BARKER.

This exploit took place at Georgetown. It was caused by the explosion of powder that had been thrown in a well by our people, and set off by the burning fragments thrown from the navy yard, but it is a common error, and has been repeated, that the well, accidentally, as he passed by it.

EQUALITY OF PROFESSIONS.—Why is it we ask, that we call manual labor low? that we associate with it the idea of meanness, and think that intelligent people should not be engaged in it? Once let us cultivate manly plough and dig, and follow the commonest labor, and ploughing, digging and trades will cease to be mean. It is the man who determines the quality of the man. Physicians and surgeons perform operations less cleanly than fall to the lot of the mechanic.

We have seen a distinguished chemist, covered with dust like a laborer. Still those men were not degraded. Their intelligence gave dignity to the operation. Let us add, that we see little difference in point of dignity between the various occupations of men. When we see a clerk, spending his days in adding figures, perhaps merely copying, or a teller of a bank "counting" money, or a merchant selling shoes and laces, we cannot see in these occupations greater respectability than in making leather shoes, or in furniture. We do not see in them greater intellectual activity than in several trades. A man in the field scorns to improve in his work, than a man behind the counter, or a man driving the quill. It is the sign of a narrow mind, to imagine, as many seem to do, that there is a purgance between the plain, coarse exterior of a laborer, and mental culture—especially the more refined culture. The laborer, under his dust and sweat, carries the elements of humanity, and he may put forth his highest powers.

We do not doubt there is a genuine enthusiasm in the pursuit of works of genius, under a honest gain, as under slavery. Profound thought and poetical imagery have more generally visited men, when from narrow circumstances or neglected habits the rent coat and shaggy face have made them quite unfit for polished society. A man may see truth, and be thrilled with beauty, in one costume or dwelling, as well as another; and he respects himself the more for the hardships under which his intellectual forces have been developed.

He who puts a bad construction upon a good act, reveals his own wickedness at heart.

From the Washington Union.

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"To speculate upon the further progress of Gen. Scott's army in the direction of the capital, would be mere idleness, in the face of such diversity of highest reputation among all the manufacturers of note in New England, and commanding the highest price. The ore is a pure oxide, yielding, on an average, over 50 per cent of pig metal, and much of it is sold to the west of 70 per cent—equal to the richest ores of Cumberland, and those of Sweden and Russia. Some difficulty was at first encountered, and the furnace was entirely closed for want of knowledge of the quality of substance as a flux. By a series of experiments, the quality of the ore has been tested, and the most admirable success has been the result, and a new furnace is soon to be put up.

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THOMAS MEXICO. Three companies of the 11th and 5th regiments of infantry, numbering three hundred and seventy men, exclusive of the officers, sailed yesterday for Vera Cruz in the ship Virginia. [N. Y. Evening Post.]

IRON MANUFACTURES IN MAINE. We understand that at the Katsfield Iron Works, some fifty miles above Bangor, they had one blast furnace in successful operation during the past winter, and are making about 50 tons of pig iron per week. This iron has acquired the very highest reputation among all the manufacturers of note in New England, and commands the highest price. The ore is a pure oxide, yielding, on an average, over 50 per cent of pig metal, and much of it is sold to the west of 70 per cent—equal to the richest ores of Cumberland, and those of Sweden and Russia. Some difficulty was at first encountered, and the furnace was entirely closed for want of knowledge of the quality of substance as a flux. By a series of experiments, the quality of the ore has been tested, and the most admirable success has been the result, and a new furnace is soon to be put up.

We are informed that the agent of the company was in this city, a day or two since, with a view to contract with the Portland Company for a supply of pig iron for their works, and that several tons of pig iron are to be forwarded to the company here, as samples, for the purpose of being tested by them. [Portland Advertiser.]

To be happy—be honest.

AN ENTERPRISING YANKEE. In the packet-ship Washington Irving, which sailed from Boston some days since, went passenger a young clockmaker from Quincy, under contract for one year, to take charge of a clock factory in Liverpool, to instruct the operatives in making of pegged shoes and boots—an art they don't understand in England yet. [Barnstable Patriot.]

FROM MEXICO.—The New Orleans Commercial Times of the 23d says the steamship Edith, from Vera Cruz, brings letters from the city of Mexico, dated 2d inst. They mention that Santa Anna had withdrawn his letter of resignation, under the apprehension that it would be accepted. This goes to show the extent to which sincerity forms a portion of the character of this redoubtable hero. The capital is represented as being in a state of complete confusion and anarchy. No steps have been taken to fortify the city against the







# MISCELLANEOUS.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A friend of mine was married to a scold—  
To me he came and all his troubles told.  
Said he, "She's like a woman raving mad!"  
"Alas!" said I, "my friend, that's very bad."  
"No, not so bad," said he; "for with her, true,  
I had both house and land, and money, too."  
"That was well," said I.  
"No, not so well," said he;  
"For I and her own brother  
Went to law with one another.  
I was cast; the suit was lost;  
And every penny went to pay the cost."  
"That was bad," said I.  
"No, not so bad," said he;  
"For we agreed that he the house should keep,  
And give to me four score of Yorkshire sheep.  
All fat, and fair, and fine they were to be."  
"Well, then," said I, "sure that was well for thee."  
"No, not so well," said he;  
"For when the sheep I got,  
They every one died with the rot."  
"That was bad," said I.  
"No, not so bad," said he;  
"For I had thought to scrape the fat,  
And keep it in an oaken vat,  
Then into tallow melt for winter store."  
"Why, then," said I, "that's better than before."  
"No, not so bad," said he;  
"For having got a clumsy fellow  
To scrape the fat, and make the tallow,  
Into the melting fat the fire catches,  
And, like a bonfire, matches,  
Burnt my house to ashes."  
"That was bad," said I.  
"No, not so bad," said he;  
"For, what is best,  
My scolding wife is gone among the rest!"

## NORTHERN MEXICO.

The following interesting account of Northern Mexico is furnished by Capt. Geo. Hughes of the Topographical Engineers:  
More than half the whole State of Coahuila belongs to two brothers Sanchez who own also some 30,000 peons. Several of their vast estates are managed by stewards, while the remainder are rented. Their principal town residence is in Saltillo, but their favorite country seat is the magnificent Hacienda of Patos. This powerful family, together with their relations, the Blancos, Yacaros, and Zualagars, own near the entire State and its population. They have taken no open or active part in the present war, and have preserved friendly and even kindly relations with many of our officers—but the Blancos and Sanchez are understood to be prepared, under more promising circumstances, to uphold the Mexican government with their wealth and influence. Nearly all our expenditures, for supplies have found their way directly or indirectly into the coffers of these princely nabobs.

Except for the education of the clergy, there are no seminaries of learning in Coahuila, but there is an ecclesiastical college in Saltillo, of some reputation; but the course of study sedulously excludes everything approaching to science, and is confined to the classics and to the reading of the Fathers. The consequence of this state of things is, that by far the greatest portion of the population are plunged into the most profound ignorance, and can neither read nor write. Many of the better class were formerly sent to the U. States to be educated; but for some years this plan has been abandoned, and they are now sent for that purpose to France and to the city of Mexico.

Four fifths of the population of Northern Mexico are of the aboriginal race, (pure, or in different degrees mixed with Spanish blood) the lineal descendants of the once powerful Aztec monarchy. In habits, customs, mode of life, manners and civilization, they have probably changed but little, with the exception of the abandonment of their barbarous sacrificial rites, since the conquest; and they retain even much of their original language. They are a good looking people, and while one seldom sees a very large man amongst them, they are certainly a well made muscular and agile race, when two have been much in the custom of underrating; of abstemious habits, and of great powers of endurance on foot, or on horseback. They are scarcely equalled as couriers, and are unsurpassed in marching—it may seem a paradox to say they possess much boldness and little courage—they would venture where braver men would hesitate, and yet would offer faint resistance when danger was upon them. Hence it is that they so often fall victims to the Indians.

Fancy to yourself a rather light colored Indian, dressed in a pair of leather unmentionables, without suspenders, buttoning from the knee downwards, which are usually left open in warm weather for comfort, and to exhibit the drawers; a common cotton shirt, generally like our hunting shirt; a red sash tied tightly around the waist, a pair of sandals on his feet, and enormous fur spurs on his heel, with a heavy ironed felt hat on his head, and a long ashen, iron-pointed gold in hand; and you have a perfect picture of a ranchero, or rather *cañero*, mounted on a spirited pony, with a fasso at his saddle bow; and he is a mean adversary for on single man to encounter.

The wealthier classes dress very much in the same style, but of richer fabrics; their buttons being usually silver and they are particularly ostentatious in their saddles, and harnesses, which are often overlaid with heavy silver ornaments. They are also very peculiar in the color and pattern of their blankets and the material of their cloaks.

The women are rather under what we regard as the medium size, slight in figure, well formed and graceful; and while few are beautiful, many of them, while young, are goodlooking and agreeable. Their hands and feet are small,

with well turned ankles. They have generally white teeth, good mouths, magnificent black eyes, and glossy black hair, in the dressing of which they daily bestow much pains. They appear to be amiable and kindhearted, and are said to make good wives and mothers. Their usual dress consists of thin slippers, without stockings, a cloth petticoat, usually red, and chemise, which exposes more of the person than is, in most countries, consistent with a due regard to modesty; but this is the custom of the country, and I am not disposed to criticize it. When they go abroad the *rebozo* is generally worn, either over the head, concealing the greater portion of the face, or over the shoulders like a shawl. It is worn by all Mexican women, its quality depending on the condition of the wearer. To their ordinary domestic duties, they add the weaving of rebosas and blankets. The latter are worn by men as an outward covering, and are literally a bed by night, and a garment all the day. Many of them are of fine texture, and of great beauty of figure and color. Their prices vary from three to seventy-five dollars.

## SENATOR CORWIN HOAXED.

Senator Corwin, who is said to be very fond of a practical joke, and equally fond of his own dull rhetoric, was recently the victim of an elaborate hoax. Mr. Knapp, the editor of the *Marion Democrat*, gravely wrote to the Senator asking his consent to have the recent anti-war speech of Corwin read in the Common Schools of the country, and whether he thought it advisable! Mr. Corwin, not perceiving the irony of his correspondent, and anxious of teaching the young idea how to shoot, but run away, half consented, half refused, and suggested that the strength and profundity of his feelings had hurried him into occasional negligences of style.

Mr. Knapp, says the *Detroit Free Press*, finding his victim glib to the last, then proposed to have portions of the speech selected by the teachers and read by them to the pupils every morning, with suitable explanations! To lead on his victim, he wrote to him that the "great moral influence which the patriotic speeches and orations of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Jackson, Henry, Webster, Clay, and many other eminent statesmen and gifted orators, have produced upon the minds of pupils in common schools, is acknowledged and appreciated by all," and then intimated that the friends and admirers of the Mexican Senator think his speech second to none ever before delivered! This compliment had the desired effect, and Mr. Corwin in reply gladly consents, and assures his tormentor that he can "have no sort of objection to the use" of the speech proposed, for he says "the motive, general tenor and tendency of the sentiments," he feels strongly confident, "will forever remain unimpeachable, and with the lovers of truth and sound practical morality, always acceptable." Mr. Knapp, immediately on the receipt of the letter, publishes the whole correspondence to the great amusement of the public, even of the boys in the Common Schools, who have a double cause of pleasure in the happy escape from the Senator's dullness, and in the enjoyment of a joke, which they can appreciate. [Albany Atlas.

BATHING.—Dr. Combe in his "treatise on health," says:  
"Most people think if they bathe themselves, once a year it is quite sufficient, whereas none should think of washing themselves less than once a week. If students and professional men would faithfully attend to this item of their duty, we should not hear them speaking so often of *bad digestion, ill health, and unfitness for study*, and very many who now find an early grave would live to a good old age."

Dr. Warren in his recent work on the "Preservation of health," says:  
"I am inclined to think that the most convenient and efficient mode of producing the beneficial effects of cold water on the whole body is by the *shower bath*. This was recommended by me in my preceding lecture of 1837, and I have seen its effects since that time led me to believe that it has efficacy superior to that of any other modes. The impulse of the water gives a general shock to the system; causes a sensible increase of strength at the moment, and is followed, when sufficiently cold, by a general and delightful glow. In hot weather I personally employ the shower bath with great freedom. I resort to it three or four times a week."

And the same distinguished writer says:  
"The want of cleanliness produces a smell that may be readily recognized, and which does not exist in those who are in the habit of frequent and thorough ablution. And in connection with this I would remark, that I have noticed in persons undergoing surgical operations, even slight in degree, that a fecid exhalation took place from the whole surface of the body."

Reform. We clip the following ludicrous bit from one of our exchange papers. It is too laughable a joke to be lost, even for relation's sake—

How well it is the sun and moon  
Are placed so very high,  
That no presuming man can reach  
To pluck them from the sky.  
If 'twere not so, I do believe  
That some reforming ass  
Would soon attempt to take them down,  
To light the world with gas!

A dandy, who wanted the milk passed to him, at a hotel, thus asked for it:

"Landlady, please to pass your cow down this way."  
The landlady thus retorted:  
"Waiter, take this cow down to where the calf is bleating."

THE COMMON LAW. A legal member of Congress was once foiled in an important lawsuit before an Indiana jury, by the adroitness of a pettifogger who was opposed to him. The "honorable gentleman" was but little acquainted in that region of his circuit, whereas the pettifogger was altogether at home. The former had an occasion, in the course of his argument, to make frequent reference to "the common law of England," which made his side of the case quite clear; but his antagonist soon demolished that stronghold.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, in reply, "what have you to do with the common law of England? What have you to do with any English law? If we are guided by English law at all, we want their *best* law, not their common law. We want as good law as Queen Victoria herself makes use of; for, gentlemen, we are all sovereigns here. But we don't want no English law. United States' law is good enough for us; yes, *Indi-one* law is good enough for an Indiana jury; and so I know you will convince the worthy gentlemen who has come here to insult your patriotism and good sense by attempting to influence your decision through the common law of England!"

The jury gave the pettifogger his case without consultation.—[Knickerbocker.

MERITED REBUTAL. Alexander Dumas, the great French dramatist, is of colored origin. A capital story is told of him in a very late number of Blackwood's magazine. It seems that a person more remarkable for inquisitiveness than for correct breeding—one of those who, devoid of delicacy and recklessness of rebuff, pry into every thing—took the liberty to question M. Dumas rather closely concerning his genealogical tree.

"You are a quadroon, M. Dumas?" he began.  
"I am, sir," quietly replied Dumas, who has sense enough not to be ashamed of a descent he cannot conceal.  
"And your father?"  
"Was a mulatto."  
"And your grandfather?"  
"A negro," hastily answered the dramatist, whose patience was waning.  
"And may I enquire what your great grandfather was?"  
"An ape, sir," thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass. "An ape sir—my pedigree commences where yours terminates."

"Pete Barnocks, come up and say your lesson."

"Yes, sir."  
"What made Eve eat the forbidden fruit?"  
"Because she was told that she didn't ought to."  
"How do you know that made her eat it?"  
"Because when our Judy was forbid to speak to the fellows, she went and sat right down in John Diddle's lap, she did."

"Bill," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping willow?"  
"Cause one of the sneaking dratted things things grew near our school house and supplied the master with the sticks that did all the boys' flogging—damn its ugly picture."

Mrs. Partridge says she has always noticed that whether flour was dear or cheap, she had invariably to pay the same money for half a dollar's worth.

## PROBATE NOTICES.

THIS subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon him the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of  
SAMUEL F. LOMBARD,  
late of Township Number Five, First Range, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond to the law officers—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to  
JOSEPH THOMAS SAWYER,  
May 25, 1847.

THIS subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon him the trust of Administrator of the Estate of  
PHINEAS EASTMAN, late of Lowell, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond to the law officers—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to  
ISAAC EASTMAN,  
Lowell, May 27, 1847.

THIS subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon him the trust of Administrator of the Estate of  
JAMES Houghton, late of Beaufort, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond to the law officers—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to  
NOAH PRINCE,  
Beaufort, May 25, 1847.

## SCHOOL BOOKS.

GRAMMARS, Geographies, Arithmetics, Histories, and all other books commonly used in Schools, for sale by  
B. WALTON,  
Paris Hill, Dec. 29, 1846.

## BLANKS.

A Prime Assortment of Blanks, printed on good paper, kept constantly for sale at the bookstore of  
B. WALTON,  
Paris Hill, Dec. 29, 1846.

## NOTICE.

THIS may certify that I have given my son John Henry Corwin, his time to act and trade for himself, and shall claim none of his earnings, and pay no debts of his contracting after this date.  
WM. COTTON,  
Woodstock, April 7, 1847.

## Commissioner's Court.

An adjourned Term of the Court of County Commissioners will be held at the Court House in Paris, on THURSDAY, SIXTH DAY OF JULY next, at ten o'clock A. M.  
Per Order,  
June 2, 1847.

## THE SOUTH PARIS MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

OFFER to the Trade, at WHOLESALE, their various styles of WOOLENS, at a trifling advance on cost, and for ready sale, at prices that the same quality of goods can be obtained in the Boston or other markets.  
JAMES DEERING, Agent,  
South Paris, May 28, 1847.

For Sale, A NEW and PRIME FOUR WHEELED CHAIRS,  
W. H. VINTON,  
Paris, June 1847.

Notice. WHEREAS FRANCES A. my wife, has chosen to live separate and apart from me, and has abandoned my bed and board, I feel constrained, as a matter of security to myself, to caution all persons against harboring or receiving her on any account, and to declare that hereafter, I will pay no debts of her contracting.  
EDWARD REILLY,  
South Paris, June 21, 1847.

## Hydropathic Institution AT WATERFORD, MAINE.

THE subscribers have opened an Institution at the above place where they have every facility for carrying on the Water Cure, and where patients, troubled with any kind of curable disease, can be relieved of their burdens.  
Terms—Six Dollars per week.  
Persons are requested to bring two Comforts, two Blankets, two wide Sheets, and several towels.  
L. A. KITTREDGE,  
WATERFORD, May 27th, 1847.

## EDWARD REILLY, TAILOR.

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public that he may be constantly found at the Shop formerly occupied by Lewis W. Demmen, at South Paris, where the Evening trousers, in all its branches, are made in a diligent and workman-like manner.  
All Garments warranted to fit, or no pay.  
Gentlemen, wishing for fashionable clothing, are requested to "try him and see if these things be so."  
BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS received at his Shop regularly as soon as published.  
Wanted immediately—Two Apprentices.  
South Paris, June, 1846.

## SPECTACLES!

A Good Assortment of Spectacles for persons of all ages may be found at the Store of the subscriber. Call and see.  
B. WALTON,  
Paris Hill, March 22, 1847.

Notice. WHEREAS, for a valuable consideration, I have this day sold my son, ISAAC BARNETT, 2nd, a minor, his time to trade and act for himself; this is to notify all whom it may concern that I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date, and shall claim none of his earnings.  
BENK RANDALL,  
Witness—GEO. B. RANDALL,  
Dixfield, April 21, 1847.

## C. W. WALTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MEXICO, MAINE.

## BUCHAN'S Hungarian Balm OF LIFE.

I have now had the Agency of this excellent medicine, Buchanan's Hungarian Balm, for more than two years, and have sold in that period, nearly 12 gross, or 1728 bottles. Much of this has been used in the vicinity of Bangor, but many doses have been sent to various parts of Maine to Houlton, and the Penobscot, Machias, Eastport, &c. The success of this Balm in the relief and cure of Pains, is absolutely astonishing. Hundreds, I am sure, have, by its use, been saved from a premature Grave!

It is well adapted to be used in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, and the most distressing of all, the Stomachic and Spasmodic affections of the Lungs, which is brought on by cold, and is attended with a bad cough, pain in the chest, raising blood, and all those pains and troubles which attend that insidious disease, CONSUMPTION. I employed several distinguished physicians at great expense, who, after numerous visits, and many experiments, finally declared that

They could do no more!  
I was then advised by a friend to try Buchanan's Hungarian Balm. I did so, and the result has been most astonishing. My daughter is entirely cured, and, in now situated to her accustomed duties. I paid Two Hundred Dollars for Physicians and Medicine, without any sort of benefit, while Six Dollars worth of Buchanan's Balm has removed the disease, restored the strength, and brought her to her usual health.

I am gratefully yours,  
JOHN YOUNG.  
ASTONISHING CURES OF CONSUMPTION!

Two cases pronounced beyond the reach of Medical aid.  
Augusta, Me., May 27, 1845.  
Dr. Bradley—Sir—(I take pleasure in giving you a statement of the beneficial effects of Buchanan's Hungarian Balm, on my daughter, who had been for a number of years afflicted with a bad cough, pain in the chest, raising blood, and all those pains and troubles which attend that insidious disease, CONSUMPTION. I employed several distinguished physicians at great expense, who, after numerous visits, and many experiments, finally declared that

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ASTONISHING CURES OF CONSUMPTION!

Saco, Me., May 25, 1845.  
Dr. Bradley—Sir—The Hungarian Balm is beyond all question, a most perfect and admirable preparation for diseases of the Lungs. I have used it in my family, and in my professional practice for more than two years, with the most uniform and entire success, in cases of severe Pulmonary Disease, and I can conscientiously recommend it to all who are afflicted, and in the most CERTAIN REMEDY for such diseases, with which I am acquainted.

Your Respectfully,  
FREDERIC T. STORER, M. D.  
GREAT CURE OF NERVOUS CONSUMPTION!

A Patient raised from the Bed of Death by the Hungarian Balm.  
Warren, Me., Oct. 17, 1845.  
To Dr. D. F. Bradley—Dear Sir—I feel a sincere pleasure for the opportunity offered, to express to you my appreciation of the Hungarian Balm. I think with the blessing of a kind Providence, I owe my life to this inestimable medicine. I have been for some two or three years afflicted with asthry or nervous Consumption, attended with all its horrors. Employed several different Physicians, but THEY COULD GIVE ME NOTHING TO RELEASCE MY LIFE. I was nearly dead, and at last was taken to my bed, with an inflammation in my stomach, lungs, and liver, and a severe rupture of the heart, and the distressed heaving would sometimes last two or three hours and often times as violent as to shake my bed. I knew in this situation

I could not long survive.  
My doctor and neighbors said the same. A friend accidentally sent to my family an advertisement of Buchanan's Hungarian Balm. They procured me a bottle, and I with some reluctance at first commenced its use. The first dose gave me immediate relief, and in a few days I could sit up fifteen minutes, and I continued to gain until I took thirteen bottles. I now enjoy better health, and was not expected to live but a few days, when the consumption took the Balm. She is now in better health than she has been for many years. The Hungarian Balm is held in the highest possible estimation in this country.

Yours Respectfully,  
ORRIS S. ANDREWS, Apothecary.  
Warren, Maine, October 24, 1845.

TESTIMONY OF PHYSICIANS AND APOTHECARIES!

In favor of the Great English Remedy for Consumption! From Allison & Gault, Concord, N. H.—Dr. Bradley—Dear Sir—In the whole list of remedies for diseases of the Lungs, nothing stands the test like the Hungarian Balm. It is spoken of in the highest terms by men of standing in this place.

Yours Respectfully,  
ALLISON & GAULT, Apothecaries.  
Concord, N. H., April 21, 1847.

From Edward Mason, Portland, Me.—The Hungarian Balm gives good satisfaction in this city and vicinity; and I have no doubt, from the reports I hear of its efficacy, excepting invalids, that it is an excellent preparation for diseases of the lungs.

EDWARD MASON, Apothecary,  
52 Middle street, Portland.

From J. R. Nichols, Haverhill, Mass.—I am much pleased with the Hungarian Balm, and from the success of its use in cases of PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, I think it can be conscientiously recommended to those who have it for sale.

Yours, &c.,  
J. R. NICHOLS, Druggist and Apothecary.

From Dr. H. P. Pulling, Albany, N. Y.—I cheerfully give my name in recommendation of the Hungarian Balm, believing to be the best medicine I have ever used for diseases of the Lungs generally.

H. P. PULLING, M. D.,  
107 Market street, Albany.

CONSUMPTION IN BANGOR, ME. Great cures by Buchanan's Hungarian Balm, in that cold climate.

Bangor, Me., Sept. 18, 1845.  
I have now had the Agency of this excellent medicine, Buchanan's Hungarian Balm, for more than two years, and have sold in that period, nearly 12 gross, or 1728 bottles. Much of this has been used in the vicinity of Bangor, but many doses have been sent to various parts of Maine to Houlton, and the Penobscot, Machias, Eastport, &c. The success of this Balm in the relief and cure of Pains, is absolutely astonishing. Hundreds, I am sure, have, by its use, been saved from a premature Grave!

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## WORMS EASILY REMOVED! WINNER'S

## Canadian Vermifuge!

HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN DIE every year from the disease produced by worms. They are the cause of numerous and frightful diseases. Indeed there is scarcely a complaint common to infancy and childhood which may not be produced or greatly aggravated by the presence of these destructive animals in the stomach and bowels. Cases are recorded of children suffering from St. Vitus's Dance, Locked-Jaw, Spitting, Dropsy, Loss of Feeling in the Limbs, Hiccups, Palpitation of the Heart, Eruptions, Dry Cough, Severe Pains in the Stomach and Bowels, Total Decline of Strength, and Consumption. They consume all nourishment in the body, and finally destroy the child.

Winner's Canadian Vermifuge is a pleasant, safe, speedy and permanent cure for this dangerous affliction. It destroys the worms at once, dissolves and carries off the slime which forms the nest of worms, and greatly improves and invigorates the system. It is the most perfect thing of the kind ever invented, and so safely should be without it.

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June 20, 1846.

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